

Returning Alone

By

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To Eunice

There — happy with you
Manhattan Night's Dream was shared by us two:
High City of Wonder! — we watched its mimes play
Through Drive, bright Avenue, dimmed parks, and Broadway.
The Hudson, — rich glimpse of Arabian sky —
Proclaimed it a vision quickly to die.
But we dreamed it all true!
'Twas real for us two.
Now, — (if it's true) — 'tis real — but to you.

Only one night!
One south-speeding night; one stark Georgian day:
And City of Dreams seems farther away
Than Sheherzerade, Sinbad, or Arabian sky:
And further than far, those dreamings which I
But only last eve so treasured a-new.
This only is true: —
I cannot dream, even,
Dear, without you.